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VOL. LXXVII.

No. VII

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



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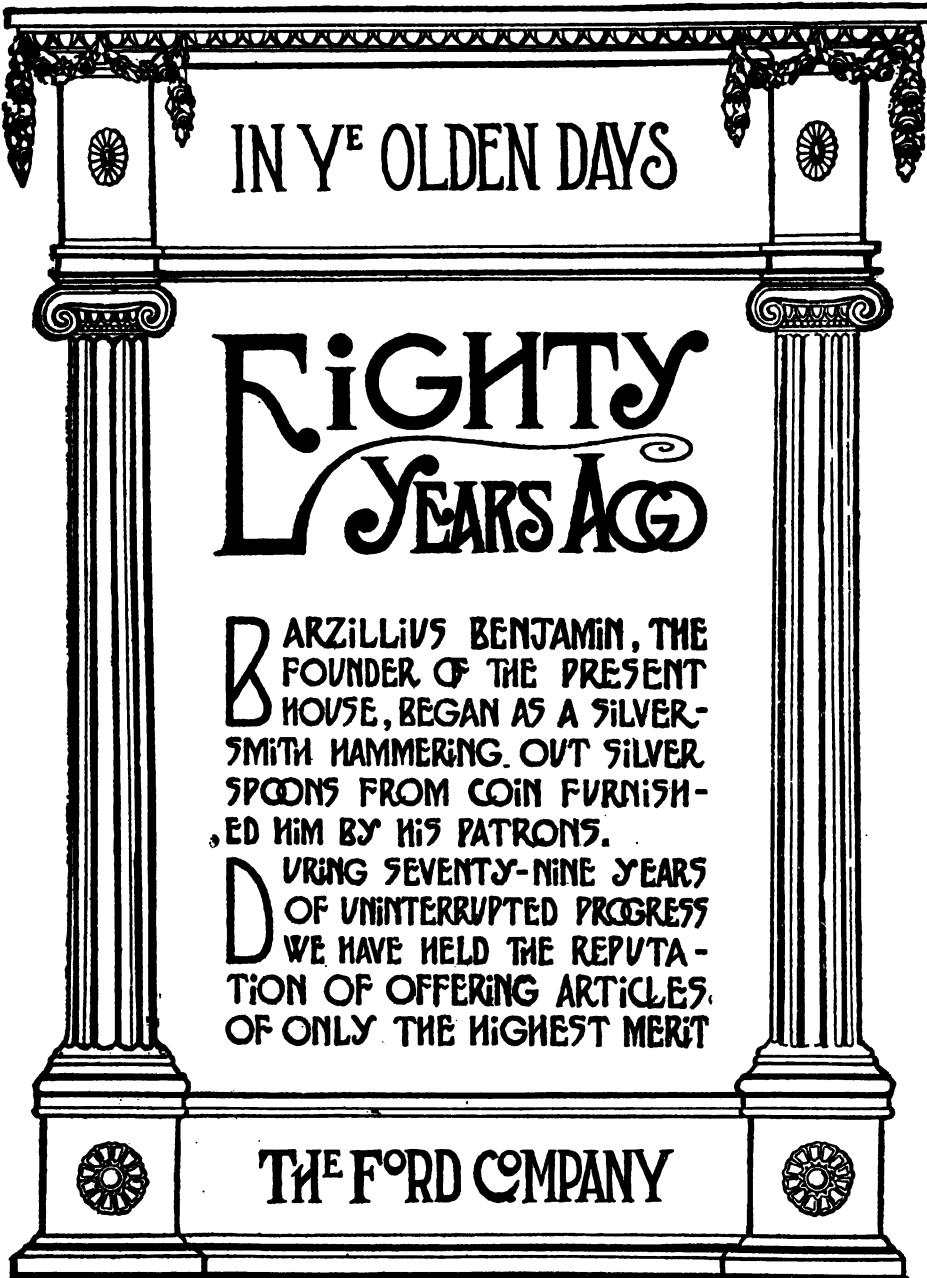


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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Seventy-seventh Volume with the number for October, 1911. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

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THE
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VOL. LXXVII.

APRIL, 1912

No. 7

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THE PAGEANT OF YALE.

ABSTRACTIONS are the most terrible things in life. We light our pipes with the little specific flames, but Fire is what makes the ground tremble about Aetna. So here in our elm-shaded community we whisper the word "tradition" with bated breath, with all the fears of an ancient Egyptian speaking of Seb the Father of Devils. And this is partially right, for traditions here with us are the dominant motives, even as Seb seems to have been the dominant motive of ancient Egypt in certain periods. Yet though these whispers are soft, they are many. The complaint seems constant and universal that our life here is somehow too mechanical. Tradition underlies all considerations of Yale life, and is at once the source of all the peculiar and comparatively multitudinous virtues, and of all the peculiar and comparatively few defects, of the Yale System.

To proceed in an utterly modern way, do but consider the evolution of these our traditions. Yale is after all quite plastic,

and shows the impress of the different eras in our nation's history. But, for better or for worse, traditions survive amongst us while their parallels in the nation cease to be stressed. Hence the vast realm of our traditions, running a musical gamut from the Puritanic bass of the Battell organ to the twittery click of the *Courant* office typewriter proclaiming yet another policy. Moreover, traditions take root so easily here that it fills us with all a father's qualms even to expectorate or whistle on the street. Our traditions were not, therefore, all planned out at once by the super-human wisdom of those dim historic worthies whose names on the stained windows beam ruddily upon us in Chapel of a sunny spring morning. They are not to be taken as utter and irrevocable dogma, but with a pinch of judiciousness. They represent the many and varying ideals of many and varying historical periods, and they survive here with us in great number and somewhat incongruously.

Now it is entirely fitting that the parade of the classes on wrestling night, with its flaring oil torches, steady cheering and serried class cohorts should occur just when the Freshman enters Yale, for it is symbolical of his life for the next four years. All Yale is just such a pageant. We catch step that first night and never vary our pace until we graduate. Steadily each year the four squadrons of our pageant move up. The leading squadron marches off each year into the world, which from the quickly forgetting college viewpoint is like unto Eternity. At the same time from out the rearward mist (realism and local color!) a new squadron emerges to constitute the latterly Freshman class. And so our slowly moving and undeviating pageantry proceeds. The Freshman starts with merely a neat and unadorned marching uniform. After his patient marching for two years, unbroken, unstinting, his class moves toward the head of the pageant. Medals appear on his chest; he is dowered with insignia. In immemorial costume he takes high rank now in our pageant, for it, like the mediaeval mystery plays, has its stock-characters. Proudly he wears the tinselled garb or the age-sanctified armor, and fills the place that someone now in the dim Eternity ahead has created for him.

This mechanical advance of the pageant-marcher has both its virtues and its defects. It is so good a thing that we are all at heart idealists about Yale, so good a thing that we thereby preserve elements eternally vital for us, aloof from mere momentary and capricious change. So it fares with Yale's heroic grimness on the athletic field, so with the high ideals of the Dramatic Association—yea, whisper the echoes from the orgulous editorial heart, even so with the firm literary standards of the "oldest literary monthly." Yet the evil side of this pageant-process is shown by its introduction of grotesque mummery into our otherwise glorious pageant, a mummery of two general sorts.

The first order in our pageant-mummery is objective and a matter of "creeds outworn" which have lived on in our traditional atmosphere impotent yet wraithlike. Linonia and Brothers have perished as they no longer met the new needs of the College, and after all it is better so. But we still have with us the dank and gibbering Fence-Rush. We still hear Mory's pathetic call in the night to this new Yale, which, incredulous though our graduate fathers be, has grown quite moderate in the matter of potation. Let the Yale man indulge in either such hurtling or guzzling from purely traditional motives, and he becomes a mere masker in our pageant.

The other class of mummery which weaves through our pageant is subjective and more intangible, yet still more important. It is an attitude, one which we all take to a greater or lesser degree. Mirth, pray heaven, should always be ours, but the solemn, the almost awful buffoonery of Omega Lambda Chi, mechanically dated, mechanically devised, mechanically executed, is far from possessing the spontaneous joy of snowballing on occasion or repartee on occasion. We may take our activities in just this mechanical fashion. The LIT. heeler (and we cry full from the sanguineous depths of our hearts) is a little too prone to desire the getting of something within these our brown confines, rather than feeling the glow of real achievement after the ache of real poetic endeavor. Insofar as this attitude becomes general, the LIT. ceases to be "clasp't where swart paynims pray," and becomes a piece of Colonial furniture full of rigid little pigeon-holes. So too are a few

among our intellectual hierarchy apt to mistake the Key of Phi Beta Kappa, which *they* have gained by mechanical, blind drudgery, for the real Key of Wisdom, which is an ethereal, flaming thing. Hence, whether forced into it institutionally, or forcing himself into it "practically," behold the mummer in our pageant, who advances with his eyes on the cobble stones, rigidly, mechanically, soullessly, and who recks little of the pure glory and lust of our pageant-marching.

Our pageant nears the crossroads, but after all the way is plain. We must grant to our first order of mummers either a new fire-soul or a decent burial, with all Christian tenderness, but with all physical firmness. To our second class of mummers we must reveal the vision of the ideal Yale that ought to be.

Personal inclination and superficial consideration (down, varlet conscience!) must be overcome in deciding specifically what is and what is not vital among our college activities. It is too tangled a problem for the whilom essayist or for the bigot to solve. Yet it is a problem we all must face, if we are to make our pageant entirely a glory, entirely an inspiration. May our pageant move ever onward, softly, steadily, surely—but banish us the train of mummers that is now woven into its rippling fabric, web of its web, woof of its woof.

J. Edward Meeker.

THE PLAYS OF LADY GREGORY.

IN late years the spirit of Ireland has received various interpretations at many hands, some in poetry, more in highly poetical prose with stress laid upon the fanciful and the unreal. But it has remained for Lady Gregory to translate the homely life and wit of the country people to the stage. This charming lady of the silvery hair and the old lace was struck by the wealth of opportunity in this humor and romanticism so latent in the Irish peasant. To put this humble yet infinitely poetical peasant temperament into a slightly different form than any previous one was her part in the Celtic Renaissance. The underlying motive of her work has been the setting down of the imagination, the pathos, the simplicity of the common people.

Lady Gregory's translations were only a means to this end. In translating the old Celtic *sagas* she became as thoroughly imbued with the Gaelic spirit as Mr. Yeats himself. To gain her material the writer went out into the highways and byways of Ireland, and lived among the people of the workhouse, the small villages and farms, the true holders of tradition in any country. Henceforth she had a new sympathy for the moods of the peasant. She repeatedly expresses a fondness for poverty and old age and the commonplace. Few writers have a more simple joy in those qualities for their own sake than Lady Gregory. When she writes plays, as one has aptly put it, she writes of the people whom she has known and ruled and mothered all her life. This is the turning point upon which her best writings begin.

The most prominent feature of her plays is their *naïveté*. Perhaps this results from the fact that they are true sketches of the credulous, simple Irish. As has been said, the author has always been a lover of the people, so that her plays are portraits of a Gerard Dow-like fidelity. A part of this trait is the beauty of diction in them. Lady Gregory's language may be said to be beautiful without being essentially poetic. Mr.

Yeats has put it well: "In the speech of the Irish country people who do all their thinking in Gaelic, the words themselves sing and shine." Here again simplicity is the prevailing note. Lady Gregory reports the unhackneyed speech of the originals of her characters. Her language is the pure dialect of Galway where she has lived, with the broad idioms spoken all over Ireland. In the mouths of the Irish players her plays become living delineations of the Celtic people—simply the life of the villages and farms transferred to the stage. To some American critics this lack of conventionality is quite incomprehensible, yet it is the true key to their charm.

She touches Irish temperament from a wonderful variety of angles in the eight or ten one-act sketches which comprehend most of her work. Above all her plots are whimsically comic, abounding in ludicrous situations. The inextinguishable Irish mirth runs in and out of the pages like a gentle breeze on a hot day. It really seems impossible for this people to do anything serious; when in a flash the humor is turned into gravity and the jester of a moment before is a philosopher. This interplay of moods is as charming as it is characteristic of the real people. It is of many kinds. There is a rollicking humor of two quarrelsome old paupers, the whimsical exaggeration, the impish wilfulness in misunderstanding, the shrewd wit on the gossiping tongues of old women. But most of all the humor is unconscious. In desperation at his too saintly character, Hyacinth Halvey steals sheep and robs a church, thereby attaining exactly the end he is anxious to avoid. For the credulous villagers will not credit him with any bad intentions, and he is borne off on the shoulders of a cheering crowd as a saint and a preserver of the poor. "It's in a chair we will put him now. It's to chair him through the streets we will! Sure he'll be an example and a blessing to the whole town. Three cheers for Hyacinth Halvey! Hip! Hip! Hooray!" "The Workhouse Ward" is an uproarious little comedy which overflows with Irish wit. Old age and infirmities have kept two old paupers from mass, and they are quarreling in bed like two mortal enemies. Insult is heaped upon insult without any reason at all except innate quarrelsomeness. One cries out: "And what happened myself the fair day of Esserkely, the time

I was passing your door? Two brazen dogs that rushed out and took a piece of me." "Thinking you were a wild beast they did, that made his escape out of the traveling show," retorts the other, "with the red eyes of you and the ugly face of you and the crooked legs that wouldn't hardly stop a pig in a gap. Sure any dog that had any life in it at all would be roused and stirred seeing the like of you going the road." But when the chance comes for one to go to better things, they cannot bear to part, electing to stay rather and quarrel to the end of their lives. The play ends in the midst of a second dispute with mugs, pipes, and everything within reach flying back and forth. All her work overflows with this indomitable Irish mirth, sometimes uproarious, at others subtle, but always happy.

A natural companion quality to their wit is their childlike enthusiasm and imagination. The extreme fertility of the latter trait is instanced in the multitude of fairy stories which are traced to an Irish origin. Small wonder that a people should be imaginative when every spring and lump of green turf is the hiding-place of a kelpie, and Tir-n 'an-Og, the fairy country, is no further than over the next hill. Lady Gregory's, imagination has been deeply tinged with this sense for the supernatural. In "The Travelling Man," for example, she embodies in a miracle play of exquisite simplicity the popular faith that spirits assume fleshly form and visit mortal men. The same idea is the basis of Yeats' "Cathleen ni Hoolihan." A poor wandering girl of the road credits her rescue to "a very tall man, bright and shining that you could see him through the darkness. It is what I thought, that he was the King of the World. . . . In His hand He had a green branch, that never grew on a tree of this world." She is happy now with husband and children, and living in hopes of thanking her benefactor. But when He presents Himself again in the guise of a poor beggar, she drives Him from the door. Too late she recognizes who He was when one of the neighbors tells her: "He is gone over the river. He was as if walking on the water. There was a light before His feet." "He is gone, He is gone, and I never knew Him! He was that stranger that gave me all! He is the King of the World!" When the imagination is not so poetic it is none the less amusing. In another play a

sea town is highly wrought up about what shall be done with the proceeds from some stranded whales. One townsman brighter than the rest suggests a monument to an imaginary hero, a proposal which meets with great approbation. Excitement reaches its height, when suddenly the townspeople realize that they have imagined themselves into believing in an imaginary personage, and turn upon the inventor. Lady Gregory's characters are thus continually running away with themselves in a burst of enthusiasm. Like true Irishmen they are quick to credit the romantic and the mysterious, and infinitely productive of strange stories and fanciful schemes.

But like the Gaelic soul Lady Gregory's humor is intermingled with a touch of real gravity and sadness. In the kindness and laughter the ancient sorrow of the Celtic race and the precarious struggle for an existence on the hard and angry sea has struck a more poignant note. The fishermen of the western coast sail out in their canvas currags perhaps never to return; the farmers painfully cart loads of sand and seaweed to turn a barren rock to the semblance of a garden. These plays are true portraits in possessing with their joy that more sombre side which is never far from the Irish heart. The completed picture shows a joyous child-spirit with its freedom subdued and its mirth tinged with grief, yet not to the destruction of its joy. The subduing power is at times an echo of the national struggle which harks back to the time of the Roman, and still lives in the longing for home rule. There is the sorrow for opportunity neglected, the tragedy of selfishness; there is the danger of the moon-lighters, the night-time plotters against the government, and desertion of friends, and wailing of widows. In one play an innocent man is hung through the treachery of his guilty friends. Lady Gregory does not hesitate to show the baser side of her characters, when they descend to lying or cowardice. Where the fight for life is hard, men will resort to ignoble means, and the Irish are no exception. But Lady Gregory generally shuns the sordidness of human nature with a fine optimism. As she says, her colleagues have given enough tragedy to Irish literature, and the brighter side must not be left out. In general she avoids pathos. Only one play, and that one of her best, has a predominant vein of sadness.

"The Gaol Gate" is a little tragedy of a mother and a wife, who have come in the gray dawn to the gaol gate to wait the release of the man who is all to them. He was imprisoned for being in a band of moon-lighters who had killed an officer. He alone was charged and the others set free. Their faith in his innocence is unshaken though the neighbors say he has informed on the rest. There is deep pathos in the fierce loyalty of these ignorant peasant women who can neither write nor read, yet speak with unconscious poetic feeling. It is a power the poor people gain from their word of mouth knowledge of the splendid old sages. They learn that he has been hung before they arrived. "There will surely be mercy found for him, and not the harsh judgment of men!" says the mother. "But my boy that was best in the world, that never rose a hair of my head, to have died with his name under blemish, and left a great shame on his child!" And when the gate-keeper comes out and tells them that he was hung without informing on his mates, they break out into a wild chant of joy that he died without reproach. They do not fear death, if it does not bring dishonor. The mother cries out, "It was not a little thing for him to die and he protecting his neighbors! . . . I to stoop through half a hundred years, I will never be tired with praising! Come hither till we'll shout it through the roads, Denis Cahel died for his neighbor!" Here Lady Gregory sings a triumphant song of faithfulness till death, of steadfast devotion. With all the sorrow it is a supreme tribute to Irish honor and self-sacrifice. In this last play, which in some ways is her greatest, she rises from comedy into the realm of true poetic emotion.

This is significant of a change which has been coming over her later work. She has begun to write longer and more elaborate plays; instead of being merely episodes her plots have grown to larger proportions. Her success in her recent plays promises much for the future. If she continues, through her efforts Irish comedy will assume as important a place as that now held by other forms of literature in the Celtic Renaissance.

D. P. Frary.

THE QUEST.

Where art thou, my beloved? I have sought
 East of the rising sun, west of the moon,
With patient hands my lonely trails have wrought—
 And I am tired, for darkness cometh soon.

I am thy Pantheist, oh heart of mine!
 The world holds naught that holds not also thee.
The voice that wails through the sad wind is thine,
 Thine the great heart that throbs throughout the sea.

The breeze is thy cool hand that lulls my pain,
 I see thee smiling at me through each star.
All night I heard thee weeping in the rain,
 And every drop left on my soul a scar.

So bind my sandals faster—gird my side—
 The darkness cometh, but I still press on.
How they have jeered! But sweet, could God have lied?
 Nay, I shall find thee, e'er the light is gone.

Newbold Noyes.

THADY SHINAGHAN AND THE FAIRY PRINCESS.

OLD Shamas kicked the smouldering peat in the fireplace and relit his short pipe.

“Sure, and ‘tis some time ago it happened, I’ll grant ye that,” he grunted, “but ‘tis a queer tale, ne’ertheless. Would ye hear? Well, so the old grandfather told it:

‘Twas not far from Neenagh in Tipperary. ‘Long the road, just over the ditch, it lay—a good-sized hump, in the shape of a half-moon, and covered with rank grass; Knock-na-gratton men called it—a fairy fort, ye understand—a *shee*. At night, and particularly in the dark o’ the moon, ye’d notice people kept to the far side of the road—not that they were afraid—oh, no; but the walking was better there. Sure, times there were lights, and times there was music—a thin, sharp kind of music that went straight into ye, and stuck there. Ye could never get rid of it, once it had crawled through your ears; yet it was not plain music that a man could whistle, or maybe hum. Ye would try and never quite hit it—and that was half the botheration of it.

Well, along the road one of these dark nights comes Thady Shinaghan, the traveling tinker; and he had been burying a third-cousin’s step-aunt, or maybe it was his great-uncle’s half-brother’s adopted nephew—Thady, himself, couldn’t have told ye, he was that deep in potheen. Anyway, it had been a great success, and he was none so steady as he might have been; but faith, that did not bother him a bit.

“The star-rs,” says he to himself, “are far an’ away prettier when they go skatin’ around in sthreaks”—here, maybe, he falls over a stone,—“than when they be a-sittin’ quiet an’ payable in the hivins. Still,”—and he rubs his head—“they c’n overdo it.”

And so he went along, times a-singing, when he thought of the good liquor and victuals he had gotten away with at the wake, and times a-weeping, when he thought of his kin lying in the cold grave that fine night. So he came at last to Knock-na-gratton, and being in a masterful mood, what with the potheen

and all, he kept right on his side of the road, consigning the inhabitants—the *shee* people, ye understand—to the care o' the devil their owner. Even when one of the creatures hopped out of the ditch and stood before him, he never blinked an eye, but took a firm grip on his blackthorn and looked at it insultingly, as ye might say.

Ah now, *ma bouchal*,” said Thady, “an’ what may you be a-doin’, gettin’ in a Shinaghan’s way on a dark night?”

But the thing only laughed at him, soft and low, and spoke coaxingly.

“Arrah now, Thady, avic,” it began, “Thady, *ahaisge*, sure an’ we mane ye no evil—sure, it’s throuble enough we’re in oursel’. The Princess is to be wed this night to the Prince o’ Tirnanoge, and all Knock-na-gratton is upside down and hind-side foremost; and, o’ course, wan of the pipes of our organ, bad cess to it, must spring a crack as big as your thumb. That manes no music—an’ what’s a weddin’, lackin’ music?”

Here the creature pulled a long face, and looked ready to weep.

“Faix, me lad,” said Thady, sympathetically, “ ‘tis unfortunit ye are; for a weddin’ is no more a weddin’ lackin’ music than a wake is a wake lackin’ potheen. An’ was it not a pleasure-trip I was on, it’s glad I’d be to help ye, bein’ a tinker by thrade, as ye can see.”

For like a good tinker, Thady never went out without his bag went with him, even if it was to a wake.

“Och, *morrone*,” sighed the creature, “can ye do nothin’ for us? It’s sore angry the Prince’ll be if there’s no music. Thady, Thady, *a gradh*, just lend us the loan of your sotherin’-iron, and it’s jewels and precious stones ye’ll be carryin’ in your sack ‘stead of ould metal.”

“Borry me sotherin’-iron, is it?” said Thady, pretending to be indignant, but pricking up his ears at the mention of jewels. “Borry me sotherin’-iron? Faix, ye omadhaun, ye’re an’ up-spoken young felly! Me sotherin’-iron, ye misshapen crayture, goes only where I go—but now that I think on it”—here he stopped to scratch his head—“me holiday is past, the hour bein’ afther midnight, and it is a workin’-day again. Moreover, me buck, I have been to a wake this night, an’ would as lief as not

top off with a weddin'. Lead on, ye imp, and I'll follow; they do say a Shinaghan once repaired a dhoor-hinge for the Ould Bhoy."

Well, the creature just jumped for joy at that, and hopped over the ditch like a rabbit, calling Thady to follow; and Thady, being a Shinaghan and in liquor, went after him. There was a big gate standing open in the side of the *shee*, and in they went, Thady's eyes fairly hanging out, as ye might say; and as for it's being dark and damp inside, he said that idea was nonsense, for it was light as day and warm as a summer afternoon. Underfoot, said Thady, 'twas all diamonds and emeralds, and all manner of precious stones; and there were streams of rippling water, and green grass and flowers sprouting amongst the diamonds. O, it was a wonderful place; but more wonderful than the place were the people living there. Maidens, said Thady, like rosebuds with life in them, all dressed in green cob-webs, and smiling and looking sideways at him till he was fair distracted; limber little elves too, not half the length of his arm, that jumped around like rubber balls; squatly little devils with bags of gold on their backs, like his old mother used to tell him about when he was a youngster, back in County Clare; and solemn old characters with long green beards and trailing robes. At last the creature that was guiding him nudged him in the ribs.

"Look, Thady," he whispered, "there's the Princess!"

Thady stared, expecting to see a maid like the ones that had put the comether on him, only more beautiful; but what did he see but a nice, plump, healthy-looking girl—a mortal girl—that was almost the spit and image of Katie O'Connell from up Borrisokane way.

"Princess!" said he, nearly falling over, "Princess, *moryah!* Faix, if that girl's a Princess, 'tis I myself am the Prince Connla fresh back from Fairyland with a new pair of butther-fly-wings! What d'ye mane, ye little spaldeen?" he yelled, grabbing the creature that had led him there, "what d'ye mane—the curse of Cromwell be on ye! Sure, an' the colleen's a human bein', ye son o' Satan!"

"Sh," hissed the thing, wriggling out of his fingers, "sure, an' what of it? It's a changling she is, that was stole from th'

cradle the day afther she was born. An' away with ye, Thady Shinaghan, you and your sotherin'-iron—have ye no eddication, that ye don't know that if one o' these once-humans so much as lay finger on mortal-wrought iron, it's divil a hold we have on them?"

"Is it a thtrue worrd ye spake?" yelled Thady, the potheen giving a last kick to his brains, "is it a thtrue worrd?" For he had caught a glimmer in the lass's eye that made him forget all the slinky fairy sluts.

"Thtrue as ye stand here," said the creature, getting angry. "Be quiet, ye crazy man, and be afther coming along to the organ—"

"Melia murther!" shrieked Thady, "'tis no place for a mortal colleen, this *shee!* An' by the look on her, she's sore throubled!"

"Ye're a fule!" said the other, losing his temper entirely. But, begorrah and all, just then the girl turned around and gave Thady a look so full of trouble and longing that his blood fair boiled.

"L'ave go o' me, ye sthreel!" shrieked he, louder than ever, throwing the thing flat, and waving his soldering-iron like a sword. "Sure as me name's Shinaghan, that girrl's not fit for the likes o' you, ye children o' hell!"

And, faith, before a one of them could jabber a spell or snatch up a wand, Thady rushed over and drew the cold iron twice across the girl's bare arm!

Old Shamus paused, and again attended to the fire; the turf was damp, and smoked abominably, giving forth an unforgettable perfume.

"Well, what happened then?" said I finally, becoming impatient.

"Oh," Shamas replied, yawning, as though the tale had lost all interest, "Thady said everything went black as his grandmother's cat, and the next thing he knew, faith, he was lying in the ditch, and a girl—the Princess, he said—was pouring water on his head. Either it had struck on a stone, or one of the *shee* people had gotten in a crack at it, for 'twas sore bruised. And he married the girl. Sure, 'tis a queer tale—and a lot o' potheen at the bottom of it, I'm thinking."

Kenneth Rand.

WOODLAND MUSIC.

Oh the breeze that stirs in the restless firs
Is music enough for me,
And the rhythmic beat of my soft-shod feet,
As they follow the woodland pathways sweet,
Keeps time to their melody.
For the forest sings me the same old song,
The song that I love to hear.
For it never was written in human tongue
Nor heard by the untaught ear.

Oh the mountain spring of my wandering
Sings me a joyous song
Of its whirling flow to the pools below,
Where the feathery ferns and mosses grow
The shadow-flecked banks along.
And I drink and I hear it upon my way,
Though the spring be far behind,
And it sings of the calm at the end of the day
And the cool of the evening wind.

A. H. T. Bacon.

ASHES OF ROSES.

THE garden, fragrantly silent after the way of the old-time gardens in England, seemed oddly breathless to Marvin that evening as he worked. Dusk was falling, the little wind which had been whispering in the lilac bushes had drifted away—and it was very still. Somewhere, deep in the masses of shrub a thrush was singing his vesper song, a tiny cascade of liquid notes. That was the only sound in this small, sweet-scented world of old-fashioned loveliness, which Marvin had stumbled on in his wanderings, and gipsy-like, claimed for his own.

In the soft half-light of evening it seemed strangely perfect, this almost uncanny hush. Before him stretched the garden which had smiled so happily in the glad sunshine, the beds a riot of tangled color, the narrow winding paths green and unkempt. They were dimmer now, these great patches of crimson and gold and blue, stretching far back to the old brick wall, where yellow roses climbed in eager confusion, and tall, multi-colored hollyhocks strove to look out into the great world beyond. His work was over for the day, for his was a sunlight picture, and in the falling dusk the gardens had taken this new, half-veiled tone which made further painting useless. He wondered, as he cleaned brushes and palette, whether the little scene was not more beautiful now after all—whether, if he could catch this elusive twilight on his canvas, when the blazing colors had been veiled in the mist—the work would not be more worth while. It was good as it was, he told himself, his brush had caught the very blue from the larkspur, the roses had lent their splendid crimson, and he had stolen the hundred shades of gold and rose and green from the tangled masses of marigold, phlox and canterbury bells. Yet there was that in the wistful tenderness of the falling dusk which gripped him strangely. So he stood, dreaming vaguely of the fact which had haunted such hours as these from his boyhood, a shadow fancy—whose

meaning he had never either understood or questioned. Then, passing his hand across his eyes, he looked long at the canvas before him, shrugged his shoulders and went on with the scraping of his palette. The thrush had ceased his song. And then, looking slowly up from his task, almost without shock or surprise, he saw her.

A girl was standing at the far end of one of the grassy paths, looking out over the little gate. Marvin rose silently to his feet. They had told him that the old garden was never used these days, that it had been years since the house was occupied. All the tumbling confusion of flowers and vines had lent their silent confirmation to this statement. The girl stood there now, half turned from him, so that he could not see her face, but he took in the quaint, high-waisted frock of dull blue that hinted vaguely of another age, the heavy coil of brown hair that lay close and soft on the slender white neck, the pleasant grace of poise as she leaned eagerly over the low gate. Her arms were full of roses—great cream-colored blossoms, and Marvin wondered as he watched her how they had been gathered unobserved. The breeze had drifted back to the garden again, vaguely scented with lavender and thyme, and his eyes noticed how the clinging veil stirred gently over the white arms. She seemed to be waiting for someone. Marvin, standing hesitating in the lilacs, remembered that the little gate was old and rusted, unused they had told him when he sought to enter that way. Then stepping back a little, she turned toward him, with a faint, disappointed shake of the small, well-poised head, and he saw her face—the face of his dreams.

The wide dark eyes, the mouth as crimson as the rose she was bending over—all framed in the softness of the waving brown hair. To Marvin, as he stood watching guiltily, it seemed that her lips drooped wistfully. Then, holding the great sheaf of gathered blossoms in the cradle of one arm, the slender hands struggled valiantly with the stem of their crimson sister. It yielded and she straightened again, gazing thoughtfully at Marvin. He expected her to start—to cry out, perhaps to demand some explanation of his presence, and he stepped forward from the shadow. She did neither. The brown eyes that seemed ever questioning under the slightly arched brows, swept

past him and up the silent garden. There was no sound, no sign of recognition. It was as if the tall, grey-flanneled figure had not been there.

For a moment she paused, hesitating, looking at the great rose in her small hand. A willow grew beside the shaded path, its drooping branches bending low to the shy little Michaelmas daisies in the deep grass, and screening a rustic bench at its feet. He saw the girl bend suddenly—the red rose met the deeper crimson of her lips. Then, turning quickly, she stepped from the overgrown path, under the drooping branches, to the old-moss-covered bench. There, standing on the tips of the little slippers that she might reach higher, she placed the rose that she had kissed in a knot above her upturned, radiant face. And Marvin, watching, saw her spring lightly to the ground, so lightly that no sound came to him across the blurred flowers—and disappear among the rose bushes.

For a moment he stood hesitating and then stepped quickly down the path. It did not seem strange to him that he should seek to be closer to this girl—so like the roses she carried—that he should hunger to hear her speak. Before him, through the gathering dusk, he could see the slender figure moving slowly amid the quaint borders; stooping now and then to touch the flowers, wandering toward the old, vine-covered house that loomed grey and vague in the violet shadows beyond the copper beeches. Once she looked back and then flitted on. Marvin followed.

The steps leading from the sunken garden to the terrace upon which the house stood were lined and worn with age. Marvin remembered as he hurried up them that little weeds grew from the widening crevices. The girl was standing in the doorway now—he noticed that the breeze had followed her too, and that one little curl had yielded to its gentle wooing and now lay rebellious on the curve of her cheek. For an instant she paused, and Marvin stepped across the green terrace. Her lips were parted—it almost seemed the dark eyes laughed into his as she blew a kiss into the dusk, and the great double door closed silently behind her.

The man did not pause—his hand was on the worn knocker before his eyes saw clearly. Over the whole oaken doorway

ivy spread, strong and unbroken, the massive growth of long years, one solid screen of splendid green. He tried the rusted lock—it did not yield. Dust came away on his fingers and he looked at it blankly. The great house with its broken windows and silent walls gave no answer to the frightened question of his eyes.

And back in the old garden—in the knot of the silver willow, his groping hand found the scattered petals of a withered rose.

Newbold Noyes.

SONG OF THE SLAVE.

The flame-clad sun enchant^s the night with the splendor of his shield,

And flaunts his silken banner in her eyes,
Softening his grandeur as he sees her, sighing, yield
And follow him across the rose-strewn skies.

The ocean woos the smiling land with ever-changful tone,

First laughing low, then boasting of his might,—
With every wave throws jewels which the spendthrift winds
have sown,
On golden sands that bar her from his sight.

Then why may I not love thee though the loving be in vain?

Lo, the sun may never hold the dark-eyed night.
What sin if I adore thee? It is mine to bear the pain.

The sea sings more of sorrow than delight.

Archibald MacLeish.

NOTABILIA.

Weird though it seems, the essential value of examinations lies not in what they do to us, but in what they do for us. As an incisive and final means of gauging our knowledge they are not wholly successes, as is well known. They do, however, enable us, or rather force us (which is much the same thing) to consider a subject synthetically which we have previously studied only in its parts. It is in studying for examinations that we select the proper parts for emphasis and especial illumination, and the parts for less emphasis and of less importance. We see how the whole subject is a unit and note the blending and parting of certain *motifs* through the whole, which were otherwise denied us. Such a synthetic survey of a course, eminently valuable as it is to the student, does take time. Especially does the upperclassman who indulges in eighteen hours, consisting of one and two-hour courses, feel the need of more time during the examination week (this year a bitter reality!) to do this work "passing well." Were the examination period so extended, it would not be necessary to tear desperately through Hell, Purgatory and Heaven with the divine Florentine in five hours, or to telescope several centuries of philosophy into the eager-eyed perusal of six or seven hours. This expansion any real student must deem a consummation devoutly to be wished.

J. E. M.

PORTFOLIO.

KILLARNEY.

Ah, if I were only beside the glad waters
That threaten with rainclouds or smile with the sun;
Or 'neath the broad shade of Killarney's fair woodlands,
All nature would answer my thoughts left unsung.

No need would there be for the pen or the songbook;
No need would there be for the poet to sing;
No need for the castles built out of the shadows;
No need of the treasures which fancy may bring.

But the poor hungry soul, who has sighed for the hilltops,
And been from thy lovely green banks, far and long,
Feels the yearning that comes from a longing for beauty,
And empties the weight of his heart with a song.

A. Elliott.

—John William Stevenson was quietly reading what a year previous he had been pleased to call "a rummy lot of sentimental trash." It was merely a modern novel. John William had snatched up the book to occupy his mind for a few moments, and he had not yet stirred from the Morris chair, nor ceased to turn over the leaves. That was two hours ago. The book, you see, was very absorbing in spite of a title that John William's sister had labelled "rot." That was because the title contained the word Love and his sister was not sentimental and hated the opposite sex, which was not altogether surprising, considering she was aet. fifteen.

John William did not know whether he believed in love or not.

The afternoon sun dropping westward shot a low beam through the leaded panes of the library window and fell glaringly bright on the book of John William. He slipped the edge of the paper cover between the leaves and glanced at his watch. It was four o'clock. He looked at the book, and then out into the April sunshine. Finally he started toward the door, turned once, as if undecided and left the room hurriedly. The April wind blew in

puffs; the clouds, very white against a very blue sky, swept along overhead, driven by the wind.

"Along the hills in April, with soft winds hand in hand,
Impassionate and dreamy-eyed, Spring leads her saraband,"

quoted he and laughed. The winds were not soft, and, except for the birds John would have emphatically denied that Spring had come. He was inclined to think that the birds had made a serious mistake anyway. Nevertheless, he enjoyed the breeze, the whistle of the meadow lark and the sense of wild freedom which the windy day gave him.

He thought of the sentimental book and the friends he had found in it. There was the optimistic little painter man, Jimmie, almost a pauper, yet so happy, so courageous, a delightful companion, and now he had, as John William expressed it, "gone quite dippy" over a beautiful lady, who, unfortunately for the artist, was already engaged. To make it worse or better, according to one's point of view, the beautiful lady was very much in love with poor Jimmie. John William realized, as a practical man, that it would be absolutely impossible for these two dear people to marry each other and live happily ever after. At the same time, he was deeply conscious that however illogical that might be, it was the only way for it to end satisfactorily. John William was a practical man only when face to face with stunning realities. At heart he was an idealist.

He reached the wooded hills and felt an overpowering desire to sit down on the first big log and go over the whole tangle from the beginning. The painter-man had once said, so John William had heard, that "our happiness is made up of the things we miss." John William wondered vaguely if that were true and if possibly it might not be the solution to his problem. But he did not sit down on a log. Instead, he continued walking, forgetting all about the man, the lady and their love.

A pair of ruffed grouse sprang up from the birch thicket with a roar of wings. Perhaps Spring had come after all. He satisfied himself momentarily by reflecting that as neither the artist nor his love were able as yet to see light in the darkness, who needed it most, it was not surprising, was very "as it should be" in fact, that he, John William, should be somewhat mystified. He started homeward.

He was very silent during supper, so that his mother noted and commented on his pre-occupation, but John William laughed so heartily that his mother realized that whatever he was thinking about did not affect his gaiety. Supper finished, John William sought the Morris chair and the book, while his sister hurried off to dancing school, one of the "has-to-be's" of childhood that she loved and which John William at her age had heartily despised.

Later in the evening, he finished reading the book and laid it on his knees with a sigh. His short acquaintance with Jimmie, his lady fair and many other beautiful people had closed, and John William did not know whether or not they lived happily ever after. The book did not give him any encouragement on this point and he had a lurking suspicion that they were therefore doomed to a life of disappointed hopes. At least they weren't married. Then the words of the painter-man came back to him that "our happiness is made up of the things we miss" and he wondered again if it were true. "It might be true for Jimmie," thought John William, "and then at least *he* lived happily ever after, for *he* missed lots and lots of things." Just then his sister, who was very late indeed, came in and saw him sitting there with the book on his knees. She looked at the title and smirked disapprovingly. "It's a very good book," ventured John William. "Why, do you know," said his sister in a very grown-up tone, "I think you are growing a teeny bit sentimental!" Now all the established order of things demanded that John William should flatly deny any such charge. Besides, he did not believe in agreeing with his younger sister.

"And what if I am?" said John William Stevenson.

H. E. Tuttle.

—In the well established hurry of our life, there is one degree **GENTLEMEN** of mortal who prefers argument to errand credit: **OF THE** the privilege of supervision and heeling he has **BED-CHAMBER** waived to men of a more valiant race; these may bear their burdens along the dusty road, but reserved for him are the butter-cups and *fleur-de-lis* in green valleys by the wayside. He is engaged upon my left boot as I hasten chapelward; oh, favored of mortals should I find my right one, I will call it polished, in twenty minutes! Picturesque Rastus might well have acted steward of the broom in those old-time prints, where

students forever sit on the fence and smoke prodigiously long clay pipes; but in the rather more brisk atmosphere of the present he is quite as ineffectually placed as a link boy. With a Louis XIV delicacy he picks his way among a bewildering variety of shoes and towels. Such a collection would have held a Flemish painter of still life objects in ecstasies, but to him it is simply one of the many insuperable barriers to neatness. He trifles awhile upon the wall with his feather-duster, rescues a misguided book at random here and there, easily adjusts the careless tumble of the bedclothes, pats the comfortable once or twice, and views the result with as much content as Justinian might have done his finished code of laws.

Quite clearly do I remember his look of mingled surprise and injury upon one occasion in Sophomore year. I happened for some forgotten reason to be more than usually inspired that morning with a zeal for the fitness of things. In fact, I went as far as to pull the bedclothes out at the foot and turn the mattress half over. It was about three in the afternoon when the downcast Rastus reappeared from the frosty bed-room with his first news of the heart-breaking discovery. He kicked the door to be sure it was shut, shivered a little at the thought that it might not have been, and then, being somewhat of a creature of habit, took his stand in front of the fire. Here, on happier occasions it is his custom, in a curious mood, part of listless basking, part of clever alertness to probe, in labored paraphrase, about the state of one's morals, or the financial possibilities of one's roommate; but on that day his eloquence leapt out against the ills of janitorship. Ever had he been attentive to turn my mattress once each vacation, and now that I had pulled it topsy-turvy, how was he to know which side ought to be uppermost for the rest of the year? His pride was offended; my distrust of his faithfulness had pierced him to the quick. And in the "Fourth of July" eulogy which ensued upon his past valiant services, I was distinctly "the cold and unappreciative posterity." For, as an established *attaché* of the college, Rastus feels not a little his position. Though he has not himself gone far on the path of knowledge, he clears the snow from it for others. No false humility, no mistaken embarrassment has he about the work he does—one needs but to listen to him when he cross-questions a delivery boy to get good sense of his

responsibilities. Coming up stairs with muddy feet just after he has finished toying with his mop is another capital way of drawing out his possibilities, for though he can only mutter or shrug his shoulders, there is about him the air of a patient despot who has done his best to be liberal, and will henceforth know better. Until the thaw is over, there is no use washing down those stairs, so he just sops up the puddles in the worn hollows in the centre, and hopes for more rain tomorrow. To all appearances, well satisfied with his station, Rastus will not own a superior in the more affluent sleeping car porter, who is somewhat the aristocrat of the type, in that every day is a Christmas, upon which endless garnish must be supplied him. But the mere sweep, however he may aspire, must at his present stage, be content with one Christmas in the year, and as the season draws on, he may be said, by way of metaphor, to exert himself to please. How clean the rug looks, until one sits on it; and the bed seems so well made, until one tries to use it! How well the sofa pillows are arranged to cover the dusty window sills, and only some of the sweepings go into the fire-place! New clothes are pointedly praised, to the disparagement of the suit of last winter, which isn't fit for a stylish dresser. There is really more art here than in the arrogant assurance of the porter, who holds up his victim at the brush's end, and is content with smaller returns. The slow stalking, the cautious approach, and the slyly repeated diplomatic hint which longer opportunity makes possible, call for more sustained strategy. Rastus is playing for higher stakes, and has only one try at the game. Beginning with an allusion to andirons, he will follow up next day with a hint that those would look better if they were cleaned; the day after, he will add that he polishes brass very well, and ends by carrying them off into his lair in the basement, and holding them for ransom. His little scheme is perfectly obvious, as he wished it to be, and yet there is nothing to resent in the listless, good-natured way he carries it out. It is almost worth the cost to have so many compliments paid to one's taste and generosity.

But, alas, Rastus is retreating before a rising army of unsusceptible *bonnes*, and will, no doubt, be lost altogether in a few years as a college type. May the dust which he has never outraged lie lightly on him!

Allan Shelden.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

The Editorial Board of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE was elected on February 27 by the Class of 1913 and has organized as follows:

James Edward Meeker, Chairman; Allan Shelden, Book Notices; Ewing Thruston Webb, Memorabilia; Alexander Humphrey Beard, Editor's Table; John Warwick Clark, Managing Editor.

Baseball

March 30—Yale, 7; Trinity, 2.

The Basketball Team

Has elected H. D. Swihart, 1914, captain for next year.

A New Athletic Constitution

Putting Sheffield and Academic on an equal competitive basis in major managerships, with arbitrary division for seven years, was passed by a large majority (686-178) at a mass-meeting on April 1.

The Editorial Board of the Yale Courant

For the Class of 1913 has been appointed by the outgoing Editors as follows: Francis Leo Daily, Chairman; Ewing Thruston Webb, Photographic Editor; George Herbert Day, Book Reviews and Assignments; Ralph Henry Gabriel, Special Articles; Vincent Leo Keating, Managing Editor.

Triangular Debate

On March 29th, won by Princeton; Yale Negative Team defeated Harvard.

The University Debating Association

Has elected the following officers for the coming year: E. M. Porter, 1913, President; E. E. K. Mould, 1913 T., Vice-President; J. R. Walker, 1913, Manager; L. M. Marks, 1914, Assistant Manager; F. L. Daily, 1913, Secretary.

Fencing

March 1—Yale, 4; Pennsylvania, 5.
March 16—Yale, 1; Annapolis, 8.
March 20—Yale, 5; New Rochelle, 5.

The Junior Fraternities

Announced the following elections, on March 27th, from the Class of 1913:

Alpha Delta Phi: B. Clifford; H. Lillibridge; J. Patterson; B. F. Peters.

Psi Upsilon: M. W. Brush; E. M. Porter; J. J. Fitzgerald; G. H. Day.

Delta Kappa Epsilon: S. B. Clark; T. F. Rudell; M. Brace; E. L. Reilly.

Zeta Psi: S. M. Bachman; A. Bailly-Blanchard; J. Dohse; R. J. Menner.

Beta Theta Pi: J. C. Williams; K. Ames; A. E. Hopkins; J. R. Paull.

On April 3rd from the Class of 1914:

Alpha Delta Phi: P. L. Babcock; J. T. Bishop; E. F. Clark; G. L. Jackson; B. Newberry; P. Newberry; H. F. D. Newson; G. Tower.

Psi Upsilon: J. L. Banks; S. K. Bushnell; L. W. Carpenter; S. H. Johnson; A. Morrill; C. G. Pearse; G. H. Semler; D. G. Townson.

Delta Kappa Epsilon: D. Clark; R. W. Dyer; A. McK. Hammer; H. L. Hemingway; V. G. Spalding; Y. Stevens; H. D. Swihart; N. Wheeler.

Zeta Psi: T. G. Clokey; G. S. Connolly; W. G. Dickey; O. P. Kilbourn; F. R. Lowell; E. B. Mitchell; D. M. Parker; R. Swinerton.

Beta Theta Pi: C. E. Borden; J. F. Cassidy; A. P. Chamberlain; S. J. Chuan; G. Gardner; C. L. McIntyre; S. E. Spencer; C. L. Street.

Gun Team.

March 16—Yale, 483; Westchester, 487.

March 23—Yale, 637; N. Y. Athletic Club, 561.

March 30—Yale, 273; N. H. Gun Club, 260.

Gymnasium

March 2—Yale lost to Annapolis.

March 9—Yale, 27; Princeton, 26.

Intercollegiate Gym. Meet

March 22—Yale, 24; Pennsylvania, 17; Princeton, 8½; Rutgers, 8. Individual champion, F. M. Callahan, 1913 S.

The Gym. Team

Has elected F. L. Samuels, 1913, captain for next year.

The Hockey Team

Has elected Archer Harman, 1913, captain for next year.

The Yale Daily News

Has elected R. H. MacDonald, 1915, to the Editorial Board.

Phi Beta Kappa

On March 21, elected W. N. Bartlett, 1912, to membership.

The Polo Association

On March 6, organized and elected N. E. Rutter, 1912 S., President.

Ten Eyck Prizes for Class of 1913

First Prize, E. M. Porter; Second Prize, R. L. Davisson, A. B. Green, G. F. Schwieters, W. F. Woodward; Third Prize, D. M. Ewing, H. E. Pickett, R. C. Taylor.

The Board of the Yale Record for the Class of 1913

Has organized as follows: H. B. Butler, Chairman; H. E. Pickett, G. Worthington, G. R. Hann, F. S. Meacham, F. L. Daily, T. G. Thomas, 2nd, A. B. Green, Editors; H. P. Warren, Business Manager; J. J. Fitzgerald, Managing Editor.

Soccer

March 16—Yale, 2; Haverford, 0.
 March 28—Yale, 4; Harvard, 0.
 March 30—Yale, 4; Columbia, 1.

Swimming

March 1—Princeton, 31; Yale, 22.

Intercollegiate Swimming Meet

March 9—Pennsylvania, 21; Princeton, 17; Yale, 4; Columbia, 4.

The Swimming Team

Has elected A. Wilson, 1913, captain for next year.

Water Polo

March 1—Princeton, 30; Yale, 0.

The Water Polo Team

Has elected P. C. Harper, 1913, captain for next year.

Wrestling

March 2—Yale, 1 ; Annapolis, 6.
 March 8—Yale, 3½ ; Columbia, 3½.
 March 15—Yale, 5 ; Princeton, 2.

The Wrestling Team

Has elected B. F. Avery, 1914, captain for next year.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Behold at hand, Oh unusual reader of this Book Review (N. B. to publishers—all readers of the YALE LIT. Book Reviews are unusual, the οἱ πολλοὶ drink not of the Pierian spring) a new Leonard Merrick volume, "*The Man Who Understood Women*." Apparently, it is quite commonplace for critics to remark that Mr. Merrick really does. So we think ourselves justified in accusing his hero, Wendover, of being but a loose incognito of himself; especially now, on account of the story a charming woman of our acquaintance was telling us yesterday. Happening to pick up the book in a doctor's office, and turning the pages somewhat carelessly, she suddenly came upon an intensely intimate little touch that struck oddly home into what she had thought was her exclusively woman's nature. "No man ever wrote that," said she. She slipped back the leaves, and behold on the title page was Mr. Merrick's name. Another lady observes "his treatment of our temperaments is so startling, I feel it positively immodest to read his books in my wrapper, especially if my hair is down."

Nothing suited Wendover's mood so much as to parade the park and pretend to himself that the sight of the most attractive women bored him. Of course, he eventually married a shop assistant, who glanced at him one evening in Oxford Street. Woe betide, however, the unsuspecting coquette, who was caught by his pleasurable smile.—"And what would *you* do under those circumstances, Mademoiselle?" Unfortunate lady, her opinions were certain to be in print within the next fortnight.

Mr. Merrick's style is exceptionally graceful, his plots clever, his situations delightful. Innumerable little touches throughout the different pieces show a pleasingly delicate treatment of small detail, a minute exposition of human nature.

Rhoda, seeing her former lover after an absence of several years—

"I'm married."

The blood sank from his cheeks. "Married?"

"I've been married four months."

A woman came between them to post a letter, and he was grateful for the interruption. "Let me congratulate you."

The story ends with a touch of philosophy. They both go their own ways, each happier than had they continued to cherish each other; though neither recognizes this. In his latest book Wendover prints the line, "Our bitterest remorse is not for our sin, but for our stupidities." How beautiful and chaste is that which might have been.

Mr. Merrick's description everywhere is excellent.

"It was early in the evening. Dusk was gathering over Paris, the promise of dinner was in the breeze. The white glare of electric globes began to flood the boulevards, and before the cafés, waiters bustled among the tables, bearing the vermouth and absinthe of the hour." To whom of us does this not recall Paris? Nor has the book been written without the charm of pathos. Christina Rosetti's lines seem to sing themselves through our head,

"Tomorrow and today," they cried. "I was of yesterday," as we read the tale of the once beautiful, but now bedraggled, Little-Flower-of-the-Wood. "And cabs came rattling up from the grand boulevards with boisterous men and women, who no longer recalled her name."—"The garret,"

she apologizes, "is very dirty, but I hear the music from the Bal Tabarin across the way, I persuade myself I am living the happy life I used to live. When I am tossing sleepless, I hear the noise and laughter of the crowd coming out, and blow kisses to them in the dark."

On the whole, these short stories show an excellent blending of cleverness, delicacy, and tenderness. We recommend them most cordially to our readers in spite of the fact that Messrs. Kennerly have refused us point-blank a Review copy, and that the author in describing Mademoiselle Girard, remarks, "she was so inexperienced that she had hitherto only been entrusted with criticism."

A. S.

"*It*," by Gouverneur Morris. Charles Scribner's & Sons. \$1.25.

The somewhat exclusive nonchalance with which the author introduces all sorts of minor incidents, while we feverishly turn page after page impatient to discover the identity of the unruly monster "*It*," recalls to the editors Conan Doyle's treatment of his phosphorescent hound; and how when that book was first printed we, the aforementioned dignitaries, being then just graduated from swaddling clothes, had to wait our turn until the very end, while the whole family indulged in it ahead of us, just the way at table it always used to be with the prune soufflé. Mr. Morris's manner is rather pleasing, though in places it smacks just a little too much of Sixth Avenue jewelry shops. Once we find his hero speaking of Tiffany blue, as if he had really been inside; but somehow we feel he must only have caught a glimpse of the Rocca-ware in the window, from the top of a Fifth Avenue 'bus.

In spite, however, of a few Bowery aptitudes, we find him a very amusing person. Mr. Morris, like Clyde Fitch, has learned American psychology, and he knows what will make the people laugh. His hero, he tells us, always has a horror of accidentally finding a hair-pin in his pocket, and so he always carried one on purpose.

As for the monster, it turns out to be a regular Jekyll and Hyde. It has a name that sounds like the "tower that fell down in Venice the other day," all the necessary equipment, mysterious footprints, etc., of a first-class dinosaur; but when it hears that the hero has brought no spaghetti for it, it gives way to tears, "very quiet and unobtrusive ones," however; but reader, we shall not further spoil your pleasure of working out the enigma for yourself.

The other stories in the volume are all in the same light and humorous American vein, of which the author in each new book is becoming a more clever interpreter. "*Two Business Women*" ought to appeal to everyone under the halo of matrimony; we, the editors, speak as observers purely unprejudiced. Very naughty little lasses were these girls. Will you believe us, they engaged themselves to be married when they were so young they couldn't tell anybody about it for fear of being laughed at. Cynthia, we are told, is no more afraid of men than a farmer's daughter of cows; but upon consideration we would hardly style her manner of making love bovine, or even agricultural. The heroine of "*The Trap*" is an equally pseudo-innocent type of blushing maidenhood. In spite of the fact that her husband rescues her from the stage, only a week later the sentimental child tries to hide from him as his ship is sinking, because she'd heard (some vague report from Muscovy, we suppose,) of captains of sinking ships sending off their wives and children and staying behind to drown.

Original creatures, these women of Mr. Morris's; but somehow he loses the effect of realism by trying a little too obviously to make them smell of bread and butter. His men, although a little too common, are much more amusing.

A. S.

"The Pigeon." John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Any piece from the pen of the author of *"The Patrician"* must inevitably attract a great deal of interest. And in this case there is something tangible for the undergraduate body to seize upon, as this play is now being staged in New York under the supervision of the author. It may be said to be thoroughly a work of realism. And yet there is a subtle distinction to be drawn, for it partakes not at all of the drugged sort of realism of the current "problem play." His is almost the viewpoint which inspired Old Omar arising again in this our Twentieth century, with a change of name. It seems quite likely that Mr. Galsworthy also,

" . . . when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about : "

And one might go on to deduce that, together with the immortal singer of the ancient East, he

" . . . evermore
Came out by the same door wherein he went."

But Mr. Galsworthy has refrained from seeking to drown the memory of the sad state of human affairs in "forbidden wine," of whatever sort. He really rises master of the situation. He pries into circumstances with somewhat the keenness of the vivisector, and he draws a philosophy therefrom which he is grimly determined shall be no less broad than life itself. "These characters of mine," he assures us, "are all common men with their own unfortunate failings. I will not seek to conceal the fact." He comes out into the audience, rolls up his sleeves, and passes the colored handkerchiefs around the audience. These are perfectly normal and sound materials, with which he proposes to work. Then one by one he builds up his situations and elaborately schemes to lay them out again, like the iron ducks in the shooting gallery. He shouts with glee as he shoves the Sisuphusian stone of his plot up the hill, and lo! we see it roll back to where it started from. In other words *"The Pigeon"* is a story whose purpose is to show human nature itself, not a number of quasi-human characters brought together to make a story. It is most absorbing, and through it all we can discern Mr. Galsworthy smiling and saying, "Take it as you will, this is life."

J. F. C., JR.

"The Little Dream." John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Many of us who have lightly dipped into Mr. Galsworthy's pages, have drawn therefrom a rather strong conclusion. We thought him a painter of things strictly as they exist, a stern realist. And, summoning what little knowledge we may have had on the subject of realism, we have smiled smugly and proceeded to classify Mr. Galsworthy and all his works,—with what we considered no small mental acumen. So it was that with trusting hearts we opened *"The Little Dream,"*—and our eyes stared with amazement. And yet we should have known it all along. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Galsworthy himself has had "a little dream." In this play he has completely forgotten the detailed everyday things, and truly wanders in a *dreamland* of his own. He makes symbolically manifest his wonderfully fashioned ideas of life. It is a beautiful allegory, carried out idyllically and with delicate and charming diction. At last we seem to be, as it were, admitted by the stage-door to see more intimately Mr. Galsworthy himself. We are tempted to mention the quotation which is printed in front of *"The Pigeon,"* and which burns with a new brilliancy to one who has read *"The Little Dream."* His creation Ferrand speaks of human sympathy: "With-

out that, Monsieur, all is dry as a parched skin of orange." We cannot avoid the feeling that Mr. Galsworthy especially wrote with sympathy when he conceived "*The Little Dream*."

J. F. C., JR.

"*Sherwood*." Alfred Noyes.

It was with considerable disappointment that we closed this first dramatic attempt of a superb lyric poet. Through this latest essay on the Robin Hood legend run many incongruous and conflicting motives. As might be expected from the author of "*The Flower of Old Japan*," fairies play a prominent part in the play. One of the main characters is Shadow-of-a-Leaf, half-fool and half-fairy. Oberon and Titania sweep in several times with their elvish train, and The Gates of Faerie are used closely in connection with the plot.

In contrast to this fairy element, and serving as a foil to it rather than making it seem the more real, is the motive of stern historical mediaevalism. The opening is tensely cruel in its depiction of the death and torture of the Saxon serf. A horrible throng of old serfs, living in the thickets of Sherwood, maimed and blinded by the Prince's retainers, is introduced. Later in the play, the grewsomeness of the blood-letting scene and the undisguised cruelty of Elinor is of this order, too.

Thirdly, an essentially modern element is manifest throughout the play. Oberon's speech on the poor voices the modern poet's complaint against the ugliness of modern industrialism. Toward the end, Robin Hood becomes an ideal leader of an ideal society, much like the King Arthur of Tennyson, only to discover the futility of it all. He feeds the serfs, and is an impartial judge over rich and poor.

Fourthly, a lyric motive is woven through the whole. The "Old Knight's Vigil," Blondel's song and the faerie song "The Forest will conquer," show the exquisitely lyrical poet whom we failed to recognize elsewhere in the play.

As may be imagined, these motives jar and clash against each other frequently, forbidding a harmonious tone to dominate the whole piece. We are not moved by the sacrifice of "Shadow-of-a-Leaf" inasmuch as his character is too unreal to have emotions common to us. Hence his deepest sorrow seems to us thin voiced, "as voices from the grave." The constant habit which Robin and Little John have, of referring to the classics, also jars. As a result of this discord, the fairy element is rendered unreal and impossible, the lyric note blurred, the modern thought obtrusive and the mediaeval realism theatrical.

The plot of "*Sherwood*" is also quite hackneyed. This renders the action bald and forceless. The appearance of Richard as the Black Knight, and his discovery of himself to Robin are examples. Richard's pardon of John is a versified rendering of Richard's dismissal of De Bracy in "*Ivanhoe*."

Of this play, probably nothing but the lyrics, which are splendid, will survive.

J. E. M.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Dusk : and the conqueror Thothmes comes,
Quoting—though bitter, it is best,—
The 'pome' that pierced poor Flossie's breast."

And as he enters the sanctum, Gringoire greets him: "By Hathor (Thothmes, even Khem's mightiest, has taught us all to swear only by Egyptian deities)—by Hathor, and all the other vaccine gods! This is out-Heroding Heredia." Then, being something of a Bohemian, he lapses into his native argot with: "*Fichez le campus.*"

The Saint was thoroughly disgusted. "Gringoire is always ruminating," he said. "He thinks, talks, swears, even sings bovinely."

Then to the Saint pondering, his stout-hearted soul in his breast was divided in two ways, whether, lighting a cigarette, to criticize the exchanges, or placing both feet on the equally-balanced table, well-wrought, to read the countless MSS. For he was eager to refresh his mind with honey-sweet slumber, and both plans seemed good.

Then the old man shuddered, and picked up the well-filled palimpsest.

A few minutes later, he suddenly looked up. When that happens, we are all expectancy.

"The competition has taken a great slump," he began, "since the Pleiade stopped writing. Then we had stories and verse with 'good red corpuscles' (to borrow a phrase)—a false sweetheart stabbed, martyrs executed, bandits buried 'dead or alive,' stirring emotional appeals in tales of the *Quartier Latin*, fathers poisoning children in a dish of curry.

"And now," he continued, "what do you suppose we're getting? The MSS. comes delicately scented with attar of roses, or *muguet suprême*, with soothing accounts of opiate dreams, or of the subtle pleasures of chasing butterflies and humming birds 'adown the perfumed breeze.' All the verse should be called 'Confessions of a Somnanbulist' or be put together into a sort of opium fiend's epic. Their drowsy influence is—is—irres—sist—sist— . . ." The rest was a snore.

Then the fair Gaston de Foix told us of the new serial novel he is writing about college life called "How the Janitor Rewarded the Other Roommate."

Thothmes was all philosophy. "People," he said, "are divided into two classes—those who like chicken and those who don't. The tragedy of life is for the latter."

"I told you so," said Hekaergos, looking significantly at the Decadent Poet.

A. H. B.

Spring Rains---Real Rain Coats

Turning attention for the moment from bluebirds, Vimenet soft hats, song sparrows, Chase & Heath derbies, spring shirtings and daffodils, it is as well to bear in mind that from now until May Day there will be plenty of wet. This remarkable winter will not break up without unusual disturbances, which mean plenty of rain.

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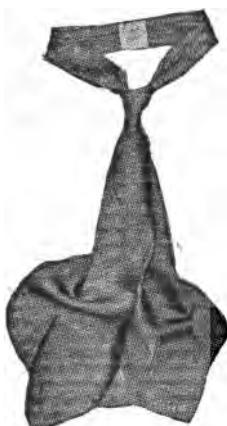
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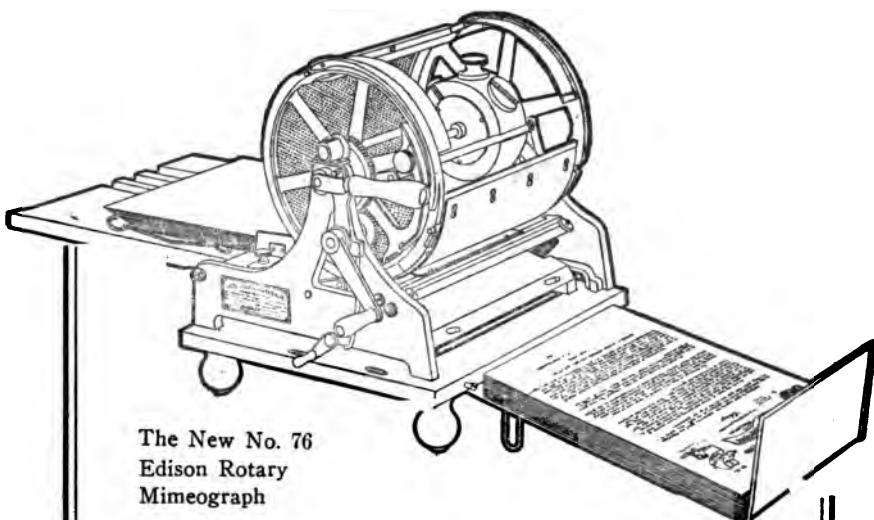


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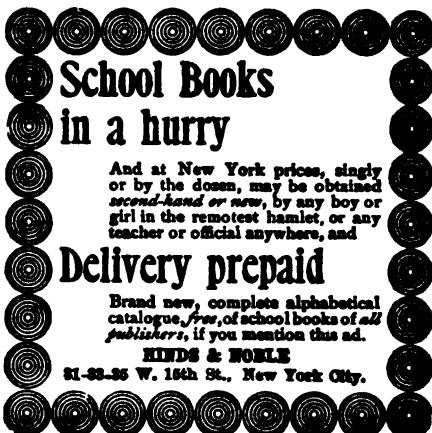
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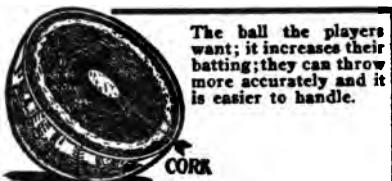
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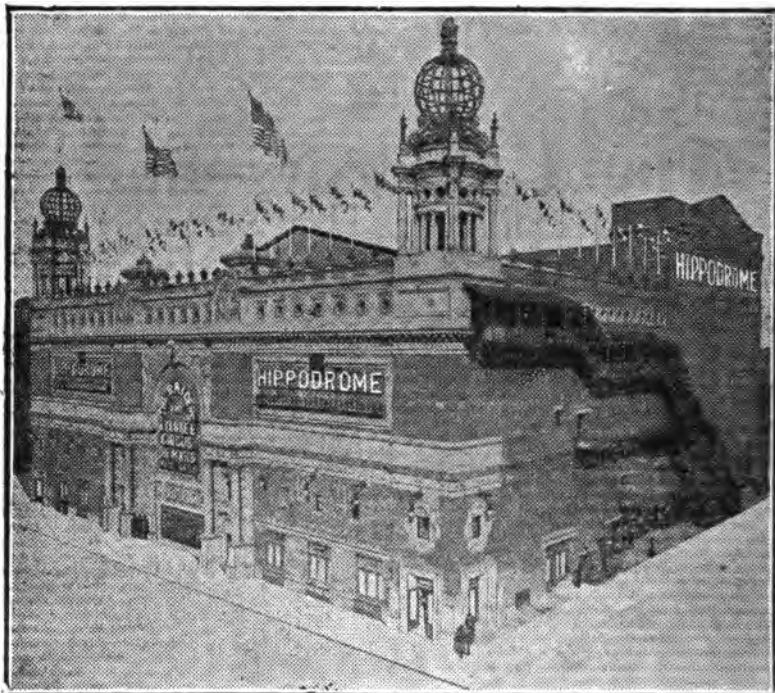
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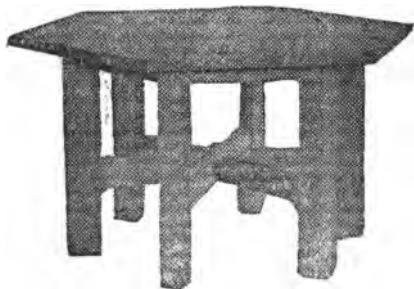
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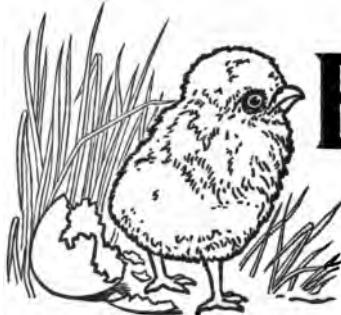
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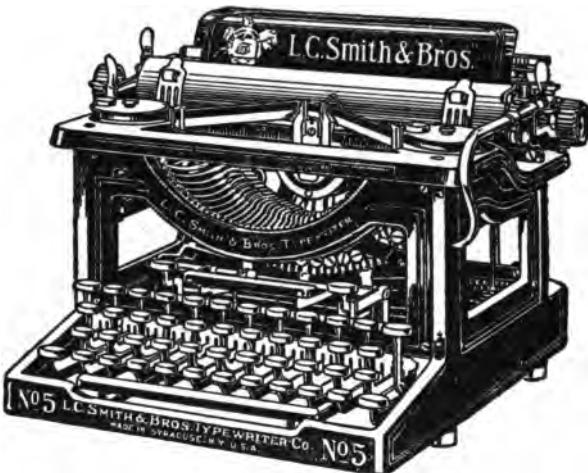
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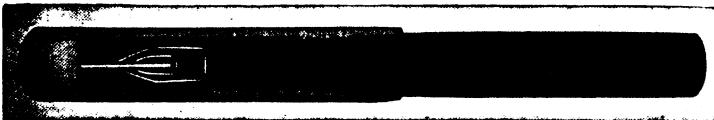
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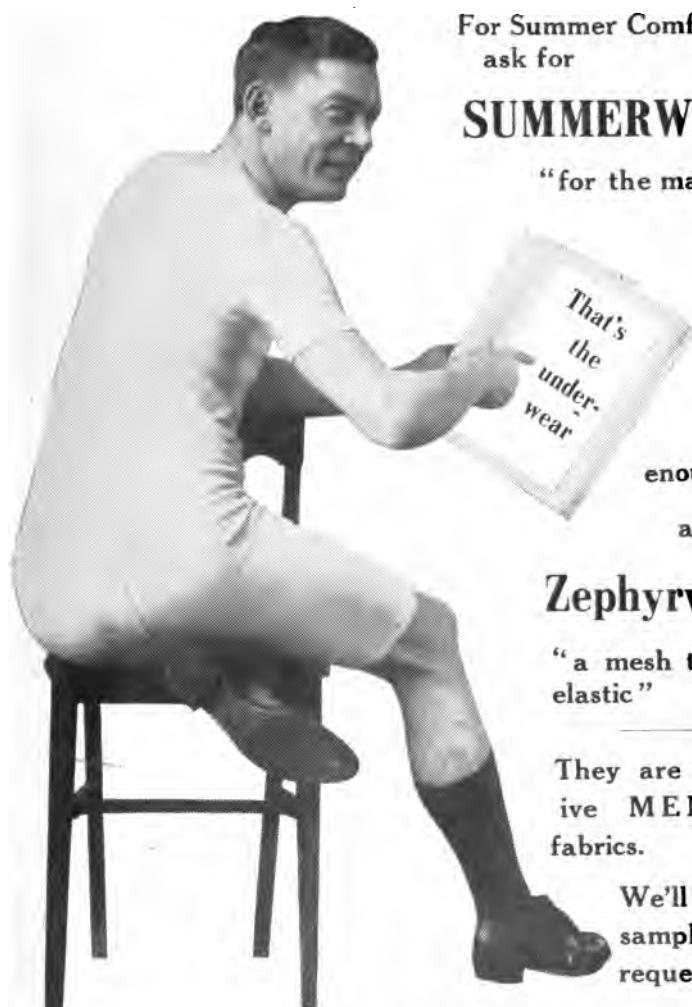
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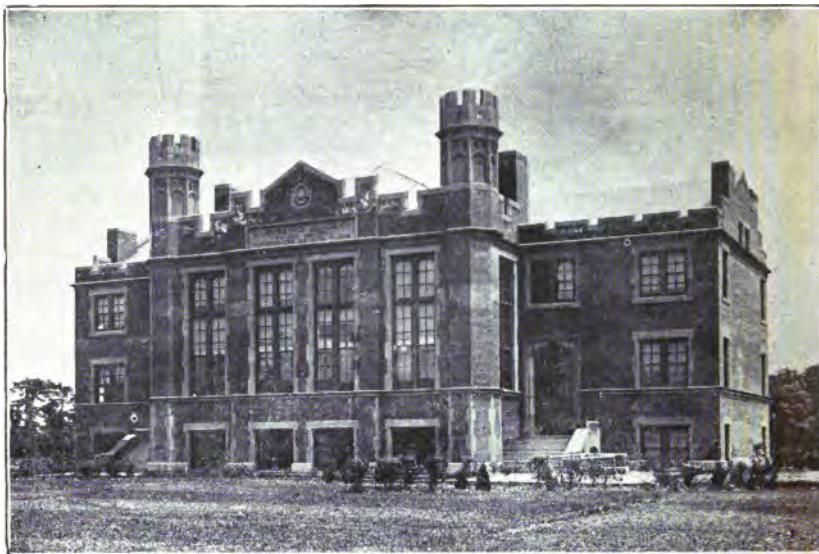
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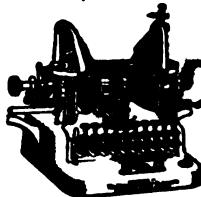
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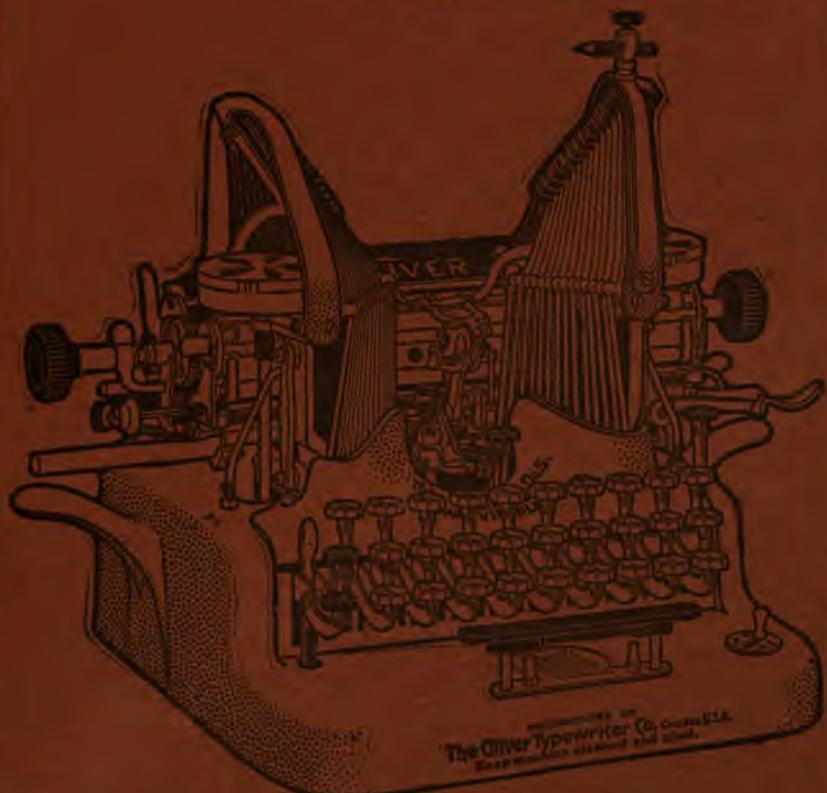
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